Nurse. Now God in heauen blesse thee, harke you sir?

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistrisse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dogsname. *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. Ia thousand times *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing back shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

Shee

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete loue. (dead,
M. And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Wel, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lamme: go thy waies wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No no, But al this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My